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AND PHILANTHROPIST.

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WEEKLY HERALD

AND PHILANTHROPIST

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

GAMALIEL BAILEY, JR.

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COLLEGE STREET,

CINCINNATI.

C. CLARK, Printer.

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WEEKLY HERALD AND PHILANTHROPIST.

Barzilia Bunker and the Thief.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There was one Barzilia Bunker, a member of the Society of Friends, residing near New Concord, in the back settlements of New Jersey. He was of wonderfully staid demeanor, and of such inflexible features that you might have doubted if he could smile—assuredly, a laugh was beyond the power of his muscles, yet Barzilia had a spice of humor in his composition, and in a quiet way enjoyed a joke as much as any man.

Barzilia was a farmer, and had a small location a short distance from the settlement of New Concord. It was in January, or, as Friends call it, First Month, in the year 1793, and near Barzilia's abode lived one Jonas Familyman, a lazy, good for nothing fellow, who had taken a small tract of land, which he managed much as the sluggard must have managed his garden, in the days of good king Solomon. The cattle of Jonas, as may be imagined, were not over well supplied with winter fodder; and, as he was too improvident to have the wherewithal to barter, and money was out of the question, after the wolves had devoured his three sheep, there seemed no other way to him of keeping life in the bodies of his three cows than by making free with the rich hay stacks of his flourishing neighbor, Barzilia Bunker.—Barzilia, who would have missed a straw, had it been taken, soon saw that other than his own people cut the rick night after night. But Barzilia, if he was quicker-sighted than most men, was also less communicative, and not one word did he say of his suspicion.

All this time, however, he was thinking to himself what to do, and accordingly having made up his mind on Saturday, or, as it is commonly called Friday, night, he took a dark lantern in his hand, and seated himself under one of his rich trees. Here he had not long been stationed before he perceived his neighbor Jonas quietly steal up, seat himself in a party cut rick, and ply the cutting knife with ten-fold the agility he commonly used, on either ordinary or extraordinary occasions. Barzilia was glad to see that his neighbor had the proper use of his arms, and could make them move when it suited his purpose.

In a short time, Jonas had released his handsome ruse from the stack, and, having it upon his shoulder, quietly and securely, as he thought, marched off with his plunder, little thinking, poor man, that Barzilia was tracking his heels all the time. A merry thought, meanwhile, was in Barzilia's head, and he advanced upon him until they came to a lonesome piece of unclaimed swamp, which Jonas had to pass. Barzilia was concealed from sight by the burden which poor Jonas carried, and, just as they were at the entrance of the frozen swamp, he took the candle from the lantern, and set fire to the hay on either side, and then extinguishing his light, slipped aside to see what would come of it.

On Jonas went a few paces, unconscious of the growing conflagration at his back, till it suddenly burst forth into a blaze, and seemed to envelop him in fire. Down in a moment went the blazing mass, and the poor thief stood revealed by the clear flame through the darkness. In agony of sudden horror, his hands were extended wildly forward; his hair lifted his fragment of a hat from his head; and then, after a cry between a scream and a groan, he darted forward like a maniac, not daring to look behind, till he was totally lost in the blackness of the night.

After witnessing this spectacle, Barzilia went quietly home to his bed. The place was so lonesome, and inhabitants so few, that there was no possibility of the circumstance having been witnessed, and he said not a word to any of his household about what he had done, or what he had discovered.

The next morning, poor Jonas, pale, and with his melancholy figure looking yet more wo-begone, came to the house of Barzilia.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, when he found himself alone in his comfortable parlor, I have been a wicked thief; good Mr. Bunker, forgive me!" and, saying that, he fell upon his knees before him.

"What is it thou hast done, friend? what is it thou woulds have of me?" asked Barzilia, with great serenity.

"Oh, worthy, good Mr. Bunker," cried Jonas, "the vengeance of the Almighty has punished me; I have robbed your stocks time after time, but last night fire from heaven consumed my plunder, and it is of the Lord's mercy that I am spared!"

"Rise, my friend," said Barzilia; "thine is a strange confession."

"It is to you," cried Jonas, still on his knees, "here I must make confession, and from you I must obtain pardon, before I can implore forgiveness of Heaven! I have been a sinner all my days, Mr. Bunker, but this providence of mercy has redeemed me, and from last night I shall be an altered man!"

All sense of joke was gone from the mind of honest Barzilia, and he too, like the poor patient, was humbled by a sense of the Almighty's influence, which had thus made him an instrument to reclaim his poor erring brother. Barzilia leaned against the rude mantelpiece of his parlor, and wept, and then, taking poor Jonas by the hand, seated him beside him, freely forgave him for what he had done, and began such a conversation with him as strengthened him in all his good resolutions.

Jonas and Barzilia wept together, it was like the repentant prodigal coming back to his father's house; and Barzilia lived to witness the riches and abundant fruits of the poor man's penitence, in the happy change which took place, not only in his outward appearance, but in his whole conduct. Of course, he kept secret his own share in the event of the night: he had neither wife nor child to communicate it to, and he learned to love the repentant Jonas too well to hint a word to his discredit. The whole circumstance would never have transpired, had he not accidentally related it to an old friend.

Barzilia has long been dead; but the descendants of Jonas Familyman are a numerous and flourishing colony, in and about New Concord.

Children in Spain.

Says Mr. Beadle, while stopping at Cadiz, on his way to Smyrna, "Ten thousands of children who are 'rising up in Spain, have no religious instruction,—no kind Sabbath school teacher to direct them in the way of life, and labor, for their eternal well being,—no pious praying parents to remember them before God, and anxiously urge them to flee to Jesus for hope and salvation. All is darkness, and rain, and death! As their fathers have gone before them, so do they follow after, like sheep to the slaughter."

The same is true of the thousands and millions of children in most nominally Christian countries, and throughout the Pagan world!"

A TRANSFER.—A remarkable phenomenon occurred a few days ago on the Brighton Railway. A gentleman and lady were sitting opposite to each other, the lady having a piece of court-plaster on her lip. On emerging from one to the dark tunnels, marvelously to relate, the court-plaster was observed to have passed over to the gentleman's lip.—*English Paper.*

Recruits for the Russian Army.

The Emperor Nicholas has ordered, in accordance with the suggestion of his ministers, that all persons who have been twice taken in the act of picking pockets, shall be, for the benefit of the districts in which they reside, incorporated into the regiments. Perhaps this is as severe a punishment as could well be inflicted on the culprits. The Russian service is reputed to be more burthensome than that of any other nation.

But the loss of a limb has been deemed preferable to service on board an English man-of-war.

The following incident occurred on board of the American frigate Essex, previously to the declaration of war against the King of Britain in 1812. The Essex had been despatched to Europe for the purpose of communicating with our several diplomatic agents there. While in England on such service, it was ascertained that one of her crew was a deserter from a British man-of-war. To a demand for him his surrender, Captain Smith, the gallant officer in command of the Essex, being within the jurisdiction of Great Britain, reluctantly acceded. The seaman was ordered below to get his clothes, and on his return to the gun deck, he seized an axe which lay upon the carpenter's bench, and with one blow struck off his left hand, bleeding and maimed, he presented himself to the British officer, who waited on the quarter deck to receive him. The officer, shuddering, turned away and left the vessel.

Ours is the "Farmer of Saginaw?"

Now, we doubt not, Mr. Birney has done hard work the last year, than any of the above named farmers; but suppose we leave the use of *catch-phrases* to other parties. In the absence of principles they require something *extra* to bolster them up. Plain *James G. Birney*, more to the *Liberty party* alone, without its *apotheosis*.

An instance recently occurred in France, wherein a man named Corbinneau, was condemned to imprisonment for voluntarily cutting off the *free finger* of his right hand to escape a severity which to him was still more dreadful, from kindred and home, having been drafted into the army from the class of 1842, liable to military duty.—*Jour. of Com.*

Origin of several Fashions.

Fashions have originally originated in endeavors of the inventors to hide some deformity. Hoops, for instance, to conceal an ill-shaped hip; ruffles, a scar on the neck, perhaps; large sleeves history does not record, and conjecture might not be acceptable. Patches were invented in the reign of Edward VI. by a lady, who in this manner covered a woman in her neck. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide a pair of crooked legs. Peaked shoes, full two feet long, were invented by the Duke of Arjou, to conceal a deformed foot. Francis I. was obliged from a wound in his head, to wear short hair, and hence the fashions.

Isabella of Bavaria, was proud of her beauty, and introduced the custom of leaving the neck and shoulders uncovered. Charles V., by severe edicts, banished tight breeches; and during the reign of Elizabeth, enormous large breeches came in fashion. The beaux of that day stuffed their breeches with rags, feathers, wool, and other light stuff till they resembled large bales of cotton. To come up with them, the ladies invented large petticoats. It was said that two lovers could not come within seven feet of each other. At one time, square soles ran to such a width that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes more than six inches at the toes.

Heroine of Beverly.

The Rev. Mr. Stone related the following:—One morning in the autumn of 1775 a privateer schooner sailed from Beverly on a cruise. She had not been long out, when she was discovered by the British ship of war *Nautius*, of twenty guns, which immediately bore down upon her. The superior force of the enemy induced the captain to put back. The chase was continued until he gained the harbor and grounded on the flats. It being ebb-tide, the *Nautius* came to anchor outside the bar, and opened a fire on the town. The meeting house being the most conspicuous object, several shots were aimed at it, one of which penetrated the chaise house of Thomas Stephens, destroying his chaise, and another struck the chimney of the house on the opposite side of the street scattering its fragments in every direction.

This unceremonious assault proved too much for the equanimity of its patriotic occupant. He seized his musket, and rushing to the beach, returned the compliment with hearty good will. Immediately upon the commencement of firing, many females residing in exposed situations, retired to places of greater security. There were some, however, who paid little attention to this demonstration of hostility, and continued their domestic occupations as though nothing uncommon was going on. Of this class, was a good lady, wife of a devoted friend to American freedom, who was at that moment engaged in preparing a batch of bread for the oven. The house she occupied, was directly in the rear of the meeting house, and liable to be struck by every discharge.

Her brother anxious for her safety, came in, and informing her of the danger, desired her to take the child and proceed by a circuitous route to a place beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, whilst he would rally a company to resist any attempt to land. To this she demurred; she felt no alarm. Besides her oven was heating, the bread was nearly ready, and as to leaving it before it was set fire, she could not think of it! She was finally prevailed upon to forgo this resolution and retire. As she was passing around the south-eastern corner of the common, curiously prevailed over apprehension—and, climbing upon the wall, she stood in full view of the enemy's vessel, surveying the scene, until a canon ball striking the earth near her, gave decided intimation that it was time to depart.

A DISCOVERY OF A LARGE RIVER IN AFRICA.—Lieutenant Christopher, of the Indian navy, who was despatched from Aden upon a survey of the coast of Africa, by Captain Haines, has succeeded in discovering a splendid river to the northward of the River Jub, which he entered and traced one hundred and thirty miles. As he advanced he found it increase in width and depth, and, according to the report of the natives (a civil and oblique race), it continued to do so for the next four hundred miles. The river is described to be from two to three hundred feet wide, and sixty feet deep; a clear meandering stream, with banks in a high state of cultivation, yielding all kinds of grain, which are abundant and cheap. Lieut. Christopher named his discovery "Haines river."

MILITARY DEFENCES.—It is stated that a general order has been issued for placing in every barrack in Ireland a supply of salt provisions sufficient for twelve months' consumption. Already the requisite amount has been delivered at several of the barracks.

The Cork Examiner says that a general order has been issued, to the effect that all soldiers who were heretofore allowed lodgings outside barracks, with their families, are to be called in immediately; and that, "after the 14th of this month, the barracks-gates throughout the kingdom are to be closed at four o'clock p.m."

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EDITED BY G. BAILEY, JR.
CINCINNATI:

Wednesday, November 8, 1843.

Next Week,

We intend to fill our paper with communications, and nothing else. It will cost us a good deal extra, but we know not else how to dispose of them. We wish to be as obliging as possible to correspondents.

One Exception.

W. B. Burleigh in making an appeal in behalf of his paper, the Christian Freeman, says there is not one anti-slavery paper in the union which sustains itself. He is mistaken. Since we took charge of the Philanthropist more than a year ago it has sustained itself, and its editor too—and if our subscribers stand by us, it will do the same this year. But, it is the hardest kind of work of late, we have been shaking in our shoes, considerably. However, we still have faith.

[FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.]

The English State-Church.—No. 2.
"The Church of England I regarded before I left home as the bulwark of Protestantism in Europe; I still so regard it."—J. P. DURBIN, 1840.

"Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks?"—ISAIAH.

The English State-Church has a clergy above fifteen thousand, and a revenue of above five millions sterling, or five times ten hundred thousand pounds; a pound being an English shilling short of five dollars: yet it is computed by one of their number, (the Rev. Thomas Spenser, perpetual curate of Hinton, near Bath,) that one million pays all the clergy who work, the rest being paid to non-residents, and sinecures of one description or another.

These revenues are derived from baronial estates; whose titles are of feudal origin; and of which it is questionable whether the fee of the soil did not originally and rightfully belong to the serf instead of his lord: from tithe-monies which by the commutation-law of 1836 were made a rent charge on the land, which the tenant pays to the landlord, and the landlord to the rector; and from certain lesser tithes which are still collected in kind or money as the parties choose to agree.

The object of the late commutation-law, was, by concealing the tithe in the land-rent, to make less odious to dissenters than directly giving part of their crops to a preacher whose doctrines, if indeed he preached any, they disliked and did not hear. The clergy though at first opposed to the commutation, as a change likely to be followed by others, yet made the most of their control in the government, and competent men informed me that the revenues of the establishment were greatly increased by the law, or rather, by representing the tithes above their actual value in money.

A late meeting of Welch farmers declare that the law has increased their tithes fifty per cent: and many declare that they would rather give up their farms to the parson altogether than undertake to pay the tithe at the present rate.

The lesser tithes are still as I said, paid in kind when not commuted for by the parishes: and dining with a friend, minister of one of the London dissenting churches, I was amused, and instructed by his showing me the last receipt for tithes which he himself, the pastor of a church, paid to the "Rev. H. C. Jones, vicar of West Ham, Essex," who adds to his clerical functions the somewhat equivocal one of President of a whist club, which meets for cards, oysters and wine each Saturday: though my friend the tithe-writer vindicated him from the charge of turning back the hand of the clock last twelve o'clock should come and the sabbath begin before the rubber was finished.

The receipt ran, through the whole list of edible plants, "Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Onions, Carrots, Collards, Mangold-wurzel," and of domestic animals specified, "poultry, lambs, breeding-sow, and cow," on which last the tithe-charge was, I recollect, near four dollars per year. And the paper contained a notice appended requesting "the Rev. Mr. —— to send the amount to the collectors house near the Swan on or before that day week."

The operation of this "Church of England" on the people of Ireland, I propose to consider in a paper on Irish matters. Every one remembers the affair of the widow Ryan's haggard at Rathconner several years since; where the military, in distrainting the tithes of the parish, led on by the Rector in person, shot down fourteen persons; a number just equal to that of all the members of the church of England in the whole parish; all of whom belonged to the family of the Rector in whose favor the tithes were distrainted.

The members of the English church in Ireland are but eleven in a hundred of the whole population; and the eighty-nine pay tithes to support the religion for the eleven. After the Emancipation act, "there appeared 41 benefices in which there is not one member of the Established church; 90, in which there were less than 20; 124, in which there were between 20 and 50; and 120 in which there were fewer than 100."

In Kinsar, at the time of the investigation, there were Catholics 4,376: not Catholics 2,768: Tithe £360, or \$1500 per year! In Kilmon, Catholics, 769; not Catholics, none. Yet these 769 Catholics pay the Established church a tithe of £300 a year! And these enormous taxes for the support of other people's religion, are drawn from a population, of whom many have nothing to sleep on but straw spread on the earth. How can an establishment, sustained by such wholesale injustice, be the "bulwark of Protestantism in Europe"? If, by this is meant that it makes Protestantism either loved or respected or secure; he who believes it must conclude that human nature and reason are very different things beyond the Atlantic from what they are on this side.

DISCUSSION OF PRINCIPLES.

Our Whig and Democratic contemporaries are very entertaining in their discussion of principles. The latest specimen is as follows:

POLITICAL FARMING.

The whig paper call Clay a farmer, which is all humbug. When Van Buren called to see him last season, Clay got him to show him how to transplant cabbages and sow turnips.—N. Y. *Advertiser*.

We reckon nobody doubts Van Buren's capacity to transplant cabbages; but Clay can beat him in his home corn.—*Civ. Chronicle*.

Probably he can; but Van can beat him in a foot hunt.—*Civ. Enquirer*.

THE VANDAZZI CASE.

We learn that Governor Seward is to appear as one of the counsel in the case of Vandazzi, which is to come before the Supreme Court, at its next session.

NEW SUGAR.

According to the N. O. Tropic of the 23d, is beginning to reach that city.

ANOTHER CHAPTER.

The New Orleans Tropic of the 4th, contains a letter from a correspondent in Galveston, dated October 13th, full of surprising information. In the first place, it announces great excitement in Galveston, in relation to the contemplated sale of the Navy, under the secret act of Congress—and that the people of Galveston will not suffer it to take place! Of course a people so hostile to their government as this, will be disposed to circulate all sorts of stories about it. Such, for example, is the following:

General Murphy, United States charge to Texas, is now in Galveston—strange rumors afloat concerning the cause of his removal from the seat of Government. Mr. Abel bears despatches to United States—strange developments when he arrives at Washington. Dark hints from the press—nothing more—won't speak out. There is a conspiracy, that is certain. The President is in treasonable correspondence with the British and Mexican Governments, binding himself to send commissioners to recognize the nominal sovereignty of Mexico, provided that Government will thereupon cede Texas to Great Britain, for a consideration." Houston is to be "Governor General for life, with a large salary and a high sounding title?" Such is the conspiracy—and how has it been detected? Listen.

"General Murphy suspected some secret machinations between the British and Texian Governments, highly detrimental to the United States interests, and for the sake of discovering the nature of the mystery, this he was enabled to do during President Houston's absence at the Indian Treaty Ground—being furnished with well authenticated and admissible copies of the entire treasonable correspondence held by the President with the representatives of the British and Mexican Governments."

We shall soon understand, the amount of this treasonable correspondence, and also, something we hope, of the nature of General Murphy's mission to Texas. If the British minister at Washington were caught tampering with private negotiations of our Executive with other powers, and obtaining surreptitiously copies of correspondence, &c—the whole country would be grieved. What did General Murphy do in Texas? How came he to be furnished with copies of the private correspondence of the Executive of Texas, in its negotiation with Mexico and Texas? And who, pray, revealed its contents to the letter-writer in Galveston?

We should like these questions to be answered. We suppose the negotiations between these two States amount to this—that Great Britain is trying to mediate a peace between Mexico and Texas, by which the independence of the latter is to be recognized, on condition that slavery be abolished therein, and a commercial treaty with Great Britain concluded. This in the estimation of the Galveston *newspaper* would doubtless be stamped as treason. Meantime advantage is to be taken of this, by those in this country who are in favor of the annexation of Texas—and the despatches which Mr. Abel brings will be used by John Tyler for political effect.

We are glad to see the press generally waking up on this subject.

OUT OF HUMOR.

The editor of the *Lebanon Star* is greatly out of humor with us. He concentrates his wrath at last, in the exclamation, "Bailey is a *Loco Foco*, whatever his professions may be to the contrary," Pshaw! neighbor. We should blush, if our radicalism did not go far beyond "Loco Focoism." It consists in the principle of "equal and exact justice to all men," not excepting the editor of the Star, who, by the way, is a pretty clever fellow when he keeps cool. If he will promise not to charge us with misrepresenting him, we will tell him what we specially dislike in both Whigs and Democrats—it is a constant disposition to look to certain leaders, for that, which they can find only in themselves and their God. For example, the Star, speaking of its favorite candidate, says—

"He is the only one, who, if successful, can best restore the government to its pristine purity, and lay deep & broad the foundations of that system of public prosperity which shall secure to the people of the United States the highest benefits of our wise and beneficent institutions."

And are the fifteen millions of freemen in the United States such dolt, that they must depend for their substantial prosperity, on a single man? If so, let them crown him at once, and put his foot on their necks! When will they remember, that it is God who has laid "deep and broad the foundations" of their prosperity, and that by their own energies, they must rear the structure.

The plaintiff's counsel, however, insisted that the fact of *baptism* by the name of Joseph was to be inferred from the fact that he had been always known by that name.

The plaintiff's counsel, *contra*, and he cited on authority.

OUT OF HUMOR.

The Court took time to consider. On the following morning the plaintiff and defendant appeared by their counsel, and the court, being fully advised in the premises, announced its opinion that the evidence submitted did not prove that the said James was *baptized* by the name of Joseph; and thereupon judgment was given for the plaintiff. The defendant gave notice of appeal.

LIBERTY VOTE IN OHIO.

We subjoin the Liberty vote in Ohio, for 1841, & 1842, and for 1843 so far as we can hear.

	1841	1842	1843
Adams	42	40	40
Allen	7	0	0
Ashtabula	7	453	470
Athens	94	0	0
Belmont	97	173	249
Brown	51	108	140
Butler	39	49	94
Carroll	30	59	34
Champaign	8	36	34
Clark	50	19	19
Clermont	21	55	60
Clinton	48	67	204
Columbiana	100	21	31
Coshocton	11	0	0
Crawford	10	0	0
Cuyahoga	185	250	0
Delaware	2	0	0
Fairfield	112	154	0
Fayette	57	50	50
Franklin	34	88	64
Geauga	12	190	239
Greene	76	94	85
Guernsey	35	233	0
Hamilton	36	147	122
Hancock	4	0	0
Hardin	3	0	0
Harrison	64	142	244
Henry	21	55	0
Highland	72	87	115
Hocking	3	8	0
Holmes	80	109	0
Huron	24	94	88
Jefferson	32	125	122
Lake	5	106	139
Lawrence	0	0	0
Licking	52	203	198
Logan	60	73	0
Lorain	233	353	377
Lucas	3	0	0
Madison	5	0	0
Monroe	40	124	0
Morgan	62	0	0
Muskingum	51	0	0
Otsego	0	0	0
Portage	45	133	220
Prairie	51	55	0
Putnam	3	0	0
Richland	96	154	0
Ross	56	85	84
Sandusky	7	0	0
Scioto	2	0	0
Seneca	35	36	0
Shelby	3	0	0
Stark	34	23	0
Summit	182	137	195
Trumbull	370	458	617
Tuscarawas	15	0	0
Union	20	39	39
Van Wert	47	81	0
Washington	61	102	0
Wayne	49	99	0
Williams	1	0	0

The plaintiff's counsel then demanded judgment, because the testimony only proved that the defendant was known by the name of Joseph, but that he was *baptized* by that name.

And the court, being fully advised in the premises, announced its opinion that the evidence submitted did not prove that the said James was *baptized* by the name of Joseph; and thereupon judgment was given for the plaintiff. The defendant gave notice of appeal.

Handbills were soon circulated announcing that he would speak in the Congregational Church, at 11 o'clock; and at an early hour, notwithstanding the storm, the church was filled to overflowing.

He visited this city will be a day long remembered. Old age will love to speak of it, and the family circle will repeat the story of the visit of this great and good man, with feelings of pride and pleasure, in the hearts of all.

These little ones now in the happy days of innocence will tell to another generation, that they had seen, and shaken hands with the great defender of the rights of man."

Another Candidate Proposed.

David Fisher of Clermont county, is suggested by the Clermont Courier, as Whig candidate for the Governorship of Ohio.

THE LONDON TIMES.—This extraordinary journal which possesses a more extensive establishment than any other establishment in the world, created a little stir in political circles some years since by a charge of politics. On one day it was Whig the next day Tory. The price paid for the transmutation of this powerful engine was £100,000.

The advertisements in the Times for a single day frequently exceed £1000, and every one is paid for before insertion. Unlike the papers of this Continent, it has no subscribers, it supplies the News-Agents, and they the public. There are two powerful engines on the premises, and the impression is made by double cylinder presses. Its circulation is the largest in the world; there is not a town on the civilized earth in which the Times may not be found. Its reporters are to be met with in all quarters of the globe, accompanying the expedition to China, and participating in the toils and dangers of the Indian campaign. It has correspondents in every land, and its presses have traversed the desert, and anticipated the Indian Mail.

Its agents are in every court, and it lays bare their most secret proceedings. Mr. John Smith, absconded from me more than two years ago, and left me without protection, or the means of support, and as no tidings have since been heard of him, I intend to join in wedlock with another man at the first convenient opportunity, unless he, John Smith, sends me word that he is still living.

J. B.

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WEEKLY HERALD AND PHILANTHROPIST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Instinct of Childhood.

BY JOHN NEAL.

A beautiful child stood near a large open window. The window was completely overshadowed with wild grape and blossoming honey-suckle, and the drooping branches of a prodigious elm—the largest and hand-somest you ever saw. The child was leaning forward, with half open mouth and thoughtful eyes, and looking up into the firmament of green leaves, forever at play, with you, there's a dear!

Brother Bobby sung out in reply—and after a moment or two of anxious enquiry, peered at the window with the little cage.

The prison doors were opened—the father bird escaped—the mother bird followed, with a cry of joy—and then came back and told her little ones forth among the bright green leaves. The children clapped their hands in an exult—and the father then fell upon their necks and kissed them; and the mother who sat by sobbed over them both for a whole hour, as if her heart would break, and told all her neighbors her story with tears in her eyes.

* * * * *

The ungrateful hussey! What! after what we have done for her; giving her the best room we could spare—feeding her from our own table—clothing her from our own wardrobe—giving her the handsome and shrewd fellow for a husband within twenty miles of us—allowing them to live together until a child is born? and now because we have thought proper to send her away for a while, where he may earn his keep—now, forsooth! we are to find my lady discontented with her situation?

Dear father?

Hush child! Ay, discontented—that's the word—actually dissatisfied with the condition! The jade! with the very best of every thing to make her happy; comfits and luxuries she could never dream of obtaining were she free to-morrow—and always contented, never presuming to be discontented till now!

And what does she complain of, father?

Why, my dear child, the unreasonable thing complains just because we have sent her husband away to the other plantation for a few months; he was getting idle here, and might have grown discontented, too, if we had not packed him off. And then, instead of being happier, and more thankful—more thankful to her Heavenly Father, for the gift of a man-child, Martha tells me that she just found her crying over it, calling it a little slave, and wishing the Lord would take it away from her—the ungrateful wench!

Just look at the beautiful white water there; and the clean white sand; where do you think you could find such water as that, or such a pretty glass dish; or such beautiful white sand, if we were to take you at your word, and let you out with that little nest full of young ones, to shift for yourself, he?

The door opened, and a tall benevolent looking man stepped up to her side.

Oh, father, I'm so glad you've come! What do you think is the matter with poor little bird?

The father looked down among the grass and shrubbery, and up into the top branches, and then into the cage; the countenance of the poor girl growing more and more perplexed and more sorrowful every moment.

Well, father; what is it? does it see any thing?

No, my love, nothing to frighten her, but where is the father bird?

He made such a to-do when the little birds began to chirp this morning that I was obliged to let him out; and brother Bobby he frightened him into the other cage and carried him off.

Was that right, my love?

Why not, father? He would not be quiet here, you know; and what was I to do?

But Moggie, dear; these little birds may want their father to help them; the poor mother bird may want him to help take care of them; to sing to her?

Or, perhaps, to show them how to fly, father?

Yes, dear. And to separate them just now; how would you like to have me carried off, and put into another house, leaving nobody at home but your mother to watch over you and the rest of my little birds?

The child grew more thoughtful. She looked up into her father's face and appeared as if more than half disposed to ask a question; which might be a little out of place; but she forebore, and after amusing a few moments, went back to the original subject:

But father; what can the matter be with the poor thing? you see how she keeps flying about, and the little ones trying to follow her; and tumbling upon their noses; and toddling about as if they were tipsy, and could not see straight?

I am afraid she is getting discontented!

Discontented! how can that be, father? Hasn't she her little ones about her, and every thing on earth she can wish? And then, you know; she never used to be so before.

When her mate was with her, perhaps?

Yes; father; and yet, now I think of it, the moment these little witches began to peep-peep, and tumble about so funny, the father and the mother both began to fly about the cage, as if they were crazy. What can be the reason? the water you see is cool, and clear; the sand all bright; they are out in the open air, with all the green leaves blowing about them, their cage has been scoured with soap, the fountain filled, and seed box; and—I declare, I cannot think what all this!

My love, may it not be the very things you speak of; things which you think ought to make them happy, are the very cause of all the trouble you see? The father and mother are separated! How can they teach their young to fly in that cage? how teach them to provide for themselves?

But, father, dear father!—laying her little hand upon the spring of the cage door; dear father! would you?

And the father's eyes filled with tears, and he stopped and kissed the bright face upturned to his, and glowing as if illuminated with inward sunshine. Why not?

I was only thinking, father, if I should let them out, who will feed them?

Who tempts the young ravens, dear?—Who feeds the ten thousand little birds that are flying about us now?

True, father; but they have never been imprisoned, you know, and have already learned to take care of themselves!

The mother looked up and smiled. Worthy of profound consideration, my dear—I admit your piles; but have a care, lest you may overrate the danger, and the difficulty, in your unwillingness, to part with your beautiful little birds.

Father! and the little hand pressed upon the spring, and the door flew open—wide open!

Stay my child! What you do must be done thoughtfully—consciously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself hereafter, when it is all over. Shut the door a moment, and allow me to hear all your objections.

I was thinking, father, about the cold rains, and the long winters—and how the poor birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to sleep in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones.

Newspaper Progress.

New York Sun celebrated the tenth anniversary of its birth on Monday last, having made its advent as the first of the American penny papers on the 3d of September, 1833. The paper of Monday gives the following account of the success of the enterprise:

"On the 3d of September, 1833, in a small back room in an obscure part of William st., the first number of the New York Sun was published. It was little larger than a sheet of common letter paper—less by far than one-quarter of its present size; and the first day's edition was five hundred. The whole force employed upon it, editorial, reporting, composing, presswork, folding, cutting, and selling—in short, the entire strength of the establishment, intellectual, physical, and mechanical, consisted of one man and one boy! The paper was printed on a little old fashion hand press, the whole force being engaged, the boy 'rolling' and the man 'pulling.' When the edition after a couple of hours of hard labor in this way, was worked off, the roller boy took the whole and sold them from the door for a penny a sheet, making five dollars in all, and that paid the expense of the day, and left sufficient profit to buy a supper for the man and boy at night. Such was the first day of the Sun's existence. How little did that man and boy as they toiled at their hand press, in the narrow back room, dream of the magnitude of the ball they were setting in motion! Little did they suppose it would lead to a complete revolution in the business of publishing newspapers, and that the Sun would in the short space of ten years, become one of the most extensive publishing establishment in the whole world, with a circulation surpassing by far that of any other newspaper in existence."

Hold the contrast! But ten years have elapsed, and the Sun to-day, instead of issuing from a small back room in an obscure part of the city, occupies a building with a front of one hundred and fifteen feet on Fulton street, and thirty-three on Nassau, and eight stories high from the lowest floor, and in the most thronged thoroughfare of our great emporium. In the place of the little old hand press, it has now five double cylinder presses driven by the power of steam, and the two which are principally used for the newspaper are capable of throwing off six thousand sheets per hour. Instead of an edition of only five hundred, it now numbers daily, over THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND papers. Instead of a daily income and expense of five dollars, the expenses of the establishment now exceed five hundred dollars per day, the cost of white paper alone amounting to over eighty thousand dollars per annum—while its income goes far beyond that rate. Instead of the one man and boy originally employed upon the paper, it has now eight editors and reporters, besides numerous contributors and correspondents in all parts of the world, twenty compositors, sixteen hands employed in the press room, twelve more employed in folding and counting, one hundred regular carriers for the cities of New York and Brooklyn, as many more in other cities and country places, some two hundred news boys in the streets, to say nothing of the workmen in the type foundries and in the paper mills from which we receive our regular supplies; so that at the smallest calculation the Sun establishment now gives employment to some six or seven hundred persons.

The father understood her—and colored to the eyes; and then, as if more than half ashamed of the weakness, bent over and kissed her forehead—smoothed down her silken hair—and told her she was a child now, and must not talk about such matters till she had grown older.

"Why not, father?"

"Because, my dear child, the unreasonable thing complains just because we have sent her husband away to the other plantation for a few months; he was getting idle here, and might have grown discontented, too, if we had not packed him off. And then, instead of being happier, and more thankful—more thankful to her Heavenly Father, for the gift of a man-child, Martha tells me that she just found her crying over it, calling it a little slave, and wishing the Lord would take it away from her—the ungrateful wench!

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Stay my child! What you do must be done thoughtfully—consciously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself hereafter, when it is all over. Shut the door a moment, and allow me to hear all your objections.

I was thinking, father, about the cold rains, and the long winters—and how the poor birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to sleep in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones.

Just lastly, to end my sermon, you may offer to the prayer of your infancy, Give us this day our daily bread!

The old man ceased, and Sammy don't put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away.

He had a good many more to say, but I will not let him go on.

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